MANY MEN LAID OFF

3,000 Reported to Have Been Discharged by the Pennsylvania.

Work Trains Taken Off, Probably for the Winter—The Chicago Great Western Cutting Rates.

A dispatch from Valparaiso says that an order for retrenchment was sent out by the officials of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad yesterday. Upon the return of the work train last evening the men were notified that the train would be laid off. This throws forty men out of employment in Valparaiso. It is the first time in the history of the road that the work train has been laid off indefinitely. The order is issued along the whole line from Pittsburg to Chicago, and affects more than three thousand men.

Charged with Cutting Rates.

The Chicago Great Western has made trouble for itself and, incidentally, for all other Chicago and St. Paul lines, by cutting the rate on excess baggage from $1.40 to $1.10 per one hundred pounds. The cut was made in transporting a small body of United States troops. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul announced that it would make the same rates, and the thing came to a head at once. Chairman Caldwell, of the Passenger Association, has pronounced the action of the Great Western a direct violation of the association's agreement, and a meeting has been called for Friday, when the Great Western will be tried for its offense.

Personal, Local and General Notes.

S. M. Woodard has resigned as superintendent of terminals of the Kentucky & Indiana Bridge Company.

On Dec. 1 A. J. Grief will take the position of superintendent of terminals of the Illinois Central at New Orleans.

C. W. Zell has been appointed division passenger agent of the Queen & Crescent, with headquarters at Cincinnati.

The understanding now is that rates in both directions and by all lines out of St. Louis and Peoria will be advanced to full tariff.

Harry C. Piper, general agent of the passenger department of the Grand Trunk railway of Canada, is in the city to spend Thanksgiving.

A meeting of the passenger agents of the Central Traffic Association has been called at Chicago for Dec. 6. Nothing important is on the docket.

H. Reder, who has been acting superintendent of telegraph of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, on Dec. 1 becomes superintendent in fact.

The Lake Erie & Western is building an expensive bridge over the Mackinaw river at Pavey. The structure is of iron, resting on stone abutments.

C. J. Pickering, general freight agent of the St. Louis Southern railway, died, at Tyler, Tex., on Tuesday. He was the son of E. O. Pickering, of St. Louis.

James N. Barker, general passenger agent of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, has flatly refused to become a member of the Western Passenger Association.

Western roads have refused to make any territorial exchange of cheap rates between the districts east and west of the Missouri river for Christmas and New Year's.

William T. Brown, who was killed at Van Buren, Ark., on the St. Louis & San Francisco, on Saturday last, was once a conductor on the Jeffersonville, Madison & Indianapolis.

The Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern retains in its service T. A. Burlingame, former train dispatcher of the Ohio & Mississippi, but removes his headquarters from Pana, Ill., to Flora.

Reports to the Voluntary Relief Association of the Pennsylvania Company show that a large number of trainmen are ill with the grip, a disease which gave them a good deal of trouble last winter.

W. J. Allen, assistant general manager of the Chicago & Rock Island, is in poor health, and has spent several weeks in the South without receiving the benefit he had hoped for. He has returned to Chicago.

A quarrel has arisen between the auditors of several of the Western lines relative to the divisions on the world's fair tickets, and it looks as if higher officials would be called upon to adjust the matter.

W. W. Blakely has been appointed contracting agent of the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis road at Louisville. Mr. Blakely was formerly traveling passenger agent of the Santa Fe road in southern territory.

John Howard, formerly located in this city for the M., K. T., now in Houston, is flooding Indianapolis and this territory with railroad and land printed matter. Emigration, he says, is drifting that way.

Edward Beckley, formerly trainmaster of the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan, has invented a toboggan slide which he thinks will make him wealthy. He is building a mammoth toboggan at Elkhart to test its merits.

George Lowell, superintendent of the Monon, was in the city yesterday. He professes to be unadvised as to who is to succeed Sumner Collins as general superintendent. Mr. C. has gone to the Wisconsin Central.

Watson M. Brown, receiver of the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw, states that there is a hitch in the deal for the purchase of the Cincinnati, Lebanon & Northern. He thinks that the misunderstanding will soon be adjusted.

Harry Miller, superintendent of the Louisville division of the Pennsylvania lines, is in an unhappy frame of mind. Engine 120, known as the "flyer," has been transferred to the Chicago division, to run between Logansport and Chicago.

James Sullivan, formerly of Wabash, has been appointed chief train dispatcher of the eastern division of the Wabash railroad, with headquarters at Peru. John Sim, the former dispatcher, has been transferred to the Detroit-Chicago division.

J. E. Hannagan, general passenger agent of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, retires from that position on Dec. 1 to take the position of manager of the immigrant clearing house to be established by Western lines in New York city.

The Louisville, New Albany & Chicago earned in the third week of November, $57,805, a decrease as compared with the corresponding week of 1892 of $1,479. The Lake Erie & Western earned in the third week $58,842, a decrease this year of $9,583.

It is announced by Thomas Emery, one of the interested persons, that the negotiations so long in progress for the purchase of the Cincinnati, Lebanon & Northern road by the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw railway are ended and no purchase is made.

W. Holly, who for some years has been city passenger agent of the Union Pacific at Chicago, on Dec. 1 becomes general agent of the passenger department, with headquarters at Chicago. Mr. Holly once represented the Union Pacific in this territory.

The Big Four is giving special attention to theatrical business. Several companies have recently been given special cars out of the big cities on the road. E. O. McCormick is determined to give this remunerative business the attention it is entitled to.

The election of Chauncey M. Depew as one of the directors of the Chesapeake & Ohio, on Tuesday last, in place of C. P. Huntington, who retires, makes the C. & O. a Vanderbilt interest, and hereafter it, like the Big Four, will be known as a part of the Vanderbilt system.

Wm. Green, general manager of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton lines, has given instructions to have prepared at once plans, specifications and probable cost of the building of a commodious freight depot in this city in place of the one partially burned a few weeks ago.

The Wabash inspection party, on their trip through Indiana, at several points were waited on by citizens and asked to improve their passenger stations, many of which have been built thirty years or more and are dilapidated looking concerns. At Wabash, especially, were the inspection party urged to take some action, it being claimed that Wabash is the best business station on that road between Toledo and Danville, Ill.

Once a week F. G. Darlington, superintendent of the Indianapolis division of the Pennsylvania line, holds what he calls his staff meetings, at which all officials of departments are expected to be present, and much good comes from these weekly conferences in the way of economies and improvements.

Jay Salisbury, who for many years was an engineer on the Panhandle lines, resigning last September, died at Cato, N. Y., on Monday. His whereabouts was unknown to his friends until Monday night, when his wife, from whom he had applied for a divorce, received a telegram announcing his death.

A deal is pending between the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas by which the M., K. & T. expects to get into Galveston over the tracks of the former from Houston. There is no road in the country which is reaching into new fields and increasing its business more rapidly than is the M., K. & T.

After going over the Big Four system one of the first suggestions of E. O. McCormick, passenger traffic manager, was that the company make a judicious expenditure of money in converting local ticket offices at the vital points on the system into inviting compartments by a liberal dispensation of paint and a general rearrangement.

J. J. Hall, superintendent of the car service on the Northern Pacific, is in the city. He states that the Northern Pacific the last few months has done an immense business in transporting cattle and hogs from Montana and other points on its lines to the Chicago market, the shipments having been from greater distances than in any former year.

There was a general exodus of railroad people last evening to spend Thanksgiving with friends. All offices will be closed today, also freight depots, and no local freights will be run. The changes in the personnel in the various offices at this point during the last two years have brought a number of new people to the city, who will to-day visit their old homes.

W. G. Van Buskirk, master mechanic of the Vandalia lines at Paris, Ill., on the Peoria division, died yesterday. He was stricken with paralysis in the early part of the day, and in the afternoon died from a second stroke. He was sixty-five years of age, and has been in railroad service since a young man, for a long series of years with the Chicago & Fond du Lac road.

The Canadian Pacific has stated the conditions on which it will consent to stop its demoralization of Pacific coast rates. The principal condition, and one which will, in all probability, never be granted, is a differential rate on passenger traffic. To this the Atchison road will object strenuously, and it now looks as though the present weak condition of the rates will continue for some time.

Pulaski Leeds, superintendent of machinery of the Louisville & Nashville, has been elected president of the Southern and Southwestern Railway Club. Mr. Leeds planned the shops of the Indianapolis, Decatur & Western at Indianapolis, and for some years was master mechanic of the road, President Hammond taking him from the New York, New Haven & Hartford, where he was running an engine.

P. H. Blue, general manager of the Indiana & Illinois Southern, thinks the Railway Commission of Illinois was rather severe in its rulings as regards its physical condition, but he has notified the commission that he will at once put the road in good condition and will conform to the rate of speed the commissioners suggest in the movement of trains. Despite their statements regarding the road, General Manager Blue says that in the last six years the road has carried 250,758 passengers, and but seven have been injured, all of these in the late wreck near Effingham.

T. J. Higgins, superintendent of the Cleveland and Indianapolis division of the Big Four, was here from Cleveland yesterday for a conference with J. Q. Van Winkle, general superintendent. The latter was inclined to scold him that the west-bound passenger trains are so often late in arriving at Indianapolis. Mr. Higgins said that at Cleveland and on the line of the Lake Shore road they had been having zero weather and drifting snows to contend with. The fault, however, for late trains was from roads east of Cleveland, which are unable under present weather conditions to get their trains through in time. Not once in the last month has the Big Four turned its passenger trains from the west over to the Lake Shore at Cleveland late.

THE STATE AS A SALOON KEEPER.

What Mr. Tillman Says of the Plan Now in Operation in South Carolina.

In his message to the South Carolina Legislature Governor Tillman says of the liquor dispensary law and its working:

"Perhaps no measure passed by any legislature of any State within the memory of man has excited such widespread comment and elicited such deep interest. This is mainly owing to the fact that it is an entirely new idea from an American standpoint and deals with the question of controlling the liquor traffic in a new way.

"In the State the dispensary law has been, and still is, the one absorbing, never-ending topic of discussion, and it has produced some comical alignments and alliances in the efforts to obstruct and defeat it. Newspapers which have always fought prohibition and those known as the organs of the whisky ring have suddenly become strong advocates of prohibition. Prohibitionists who are so radical in their views that the uncharitable call them 'cranks' have been found shoulder to shoulder with barkeepers and whisky dealers in opposing it; and while many eminent divines have lent it their aid and indorsement, others are bitter in its denunciation. The more moderate Prohibitionists are delighted with it. The whisky men are more bitter in their opposition to it than they have ever been toward prohibition.

"If it can be shown that under the dispensary system there will be a reduction in the consumption of liquor and a necessary reduction in crime and misery resulting from it, it must follow that the dispensary, without regard to the revenue feature, is a long stride forward and an improvement on the license system. I will not pretend to say that it is as good as prohibition would be, but I do say that prohibition, here or anywhere else, is impossible; and the only question is how best to regulate the traffic so as to minimize the inevitable injury to society inseparable from the sale of liquor under any circumstances.

"The claims of the dispensary to support and its superiority over any form of licensing rest on the following grounds:

"First—The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increase the sales.

"Second—A pure article is guaranteed, as it is subject to chemical analysis.

"Third—The consumer obtains honest measure of standard strength.

"Fourth—Treating is stopped, as the bottles are not opened on the premises.

"Fifth—It is sold only in the daytime; this under a regulation of the board and not under the law.

"Sixth—The concomitants of ice, sugar, lemons, etc., being removed, there is not the same inclination to drink remaining, and the closing of the saloons, especially at night, and the prohibition of its sale by the drink, destroy the enticements and seductions which have caused so many men and boys to be led astray and enter on the downward course.

"Seventh—It is sold only for cash, and there is no longer 'chalking up' for daily drinks against pay-day. The workingman buys his bottle of whisky Saturday night and carries the rest of his wages home.

"Eighth—Gambling dens, pool rooms and lewd houses, which have hitherto been run almost invariably in connection with the saloons, which were thus a stimulus to vice, separated from the sale of liquor, have had their patronage reduced to a minimum, and there must necessarily follow a decrease of crime.

"Ninth—The local whisky rings, which have been the curse of every municipality in the State, and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch, and the influences of the barkeeper as a political manipulator is absolutely destroyed. The police, removed from the control of these debauching elements, will enforce the law against evil doing with more vigor, and a higher tone and a greater purity in all governmental affairs must result. * * *

"Under the scale of prices fixed by the State Board on whisky now sold in South Carolina there is a handsome profit, while at the same time the liquor at retail is cheaper than it was when sold across the bar. Making allowances for the watering and other adulteration of the whisky that was formerly consumed, a half-pint bottle of dispensary whisky that now costs 20 cents, and containing five average drinks of far superior strength, would have cost at least 50 cents from a saloon. The profit on the half pint goes to the reduction of the general tax, and the 30 cents saved to the consumer goes into his pocket for the support of his family. * * *

"Now as to the question of beer. I am inclined to believe that it will be in the interest of temperance to exempt it from the dispensary law altogether upon certain conditions, to-wit: Require licenses under such stringent regulations as will insure only men of probity and good character obtaining them. Put the beer seller under a ten-thousand-dollar bond for the strict observance of the law, the conditions of the bond to be such that whenever satisfactory proof has been adduced that he has sold anything else than beer or has broken the law in the least particular the bond shall be forfeited in the most speedy and sure manner that the law can devise. The beer saloon can be closed at any hour the General Assembly sees proper. The point I wish to make is that, so far as we may, it is good policy and in the interest of temperance to encourage the consumption of beer as against the consumption of whisky. Under such restrictions as I have mentioned very few men would run the risk of undertaking to sell anything else than beer. This course must be pursued or else the Legislature will have to prohibit absolutely everything of the name or nature of beer or malt liquor of any kind containing a trace of alcohol. * * *

"Desperate diseases require heroic remedies, and the General Assembly may as well understand that the enforcement of this law in some parts of the State, and especially in Charleston, Columbia, Greenville, Spartanburg, Beaufort and Sumter will require some special legislation. It is against the municipal ordinances to sell whisky without license in every town in the State, but the police in the cities as a rule stand idly by and see the ordinances broken every day; are particeps criminis in the offense, or active aiders and abetters of the men who break it. As soon as a constable arrives in town he is spotted by them and reported to those who run the illicit saloons.

Under the provision of the dispensary act one-half of the revenue of the local dispensaries, over and above the expenses, goes into the treasury of the municipality where they are located. I see no remedy for the condition of affairs existing in Charleston and Columbia except to provide for a system of metropolitan police, divorcing the control of the police force absolutely from politics and placing it in the hands of a commission, who shall appoint, direct and remove such members of the force as will not enforce the law. I asked the Mayor of Charleston, with whom I had a conference, to have the police aid me in repressing and uprooting the illicit sale of whisky, but he declined, on the ground that that duty had been imposed on the State constables."

SHE MADE TWO MILLIONS.

Great Fortune Amassed by a Chicago Woman in Forty Years.

Chicago News.

The late Mrs. Elsie Frank, whose funeral took place this afternoon from the family residence at No. 2522 Michigan boulevard, was a remarkable woman. She left an estate estimated at $2,000,000, and this vast fortune was amassed for the most part by her own shrewdness and sound judgment. As a personal achievement her works would prove unique in any collection of celebrities. But associated with qualities of mind that are only to be met with in intellects of the first order was a modesty entirely feminine. And it was this union of clear insight, with a masculine will power and address in effecting combinations in matters of judgment, coupled to gentle, unobtrusive ways and soft traits of disposition, that gave Mrs. Frank prominence as a personage of force. Her strength was of the mind and of the heart.

As an instance of her good judgment in the management of money, the great fortune she leaves is sufficient. Her many benefactions, among the most notable ones being to the Society for the Education of Hebrew Orphans, her liberal endowments to the Home for Aged Hebrews at Sixty-second and Drexel boulevard, her private gifts and donations to families and charitable societies, abundantly testify to her qualities of heart. She was beloved of the poor and distressed. And yesterday her death came peacefully and calmly at the age of eighty-one years.

For the greater part of the last thirty-nine years Mrs. Elsie Frank has been a power in Chicago financiering. This will be news to many people, but it is none the less true, as some of her old friends declared to-day that Chicago merchants who are to-day millionaires have at critical times in their careers profited by Mrs. Frank's judgment in the management of their own affairs.

Some thirty-nine years ago Mrs. Frank was a poor widow with ten children to provide for. Her husband was a school teacher and very near-sighted. One day he walked into an open draw of the Randolph-street bridge and was drowned. Forced to provide for her little ones by her own efforts was the circumstance that developed in Mrs. Frank her wonderful power of foresight and judgment. She had inherited a keen brain, like the one that made her brother, Michael Reese, a power in the world of affairs, and some money contributed by him to her was the foundation of her vast fortune. She appeared to know instinctively what a good investment was, and she made money and grew rich because her intelligence saw all the profits to be derived from a combination. And this intelligence dominated her family, it is said, and every member yielded a willing obedience to her counsels. These latter, so the family friends say, were almost always delivered under circumstances calculated to impress all present.

The different members would be drawn up with their chairs surrounding a central one in which Mrs. Frank would sit as presiding officer of the deliberations. Statements would be made to the aged lady in detail and figures, facts and estimates would be read her from documents, and she would listen to all, hear with patience objections from one side, attend to the words of favor that came from another, then, when everything had been said, the aged mistress would deliver her judgment; and this judgment, it was known to all, never erred. Clear-headed men of business, as all present were, they would yield to the old lady when she advised a measure, because they had found her to be always on the right side.

It is related of Mrs. Frank by a gentleman who had a strong admiration for her quick perception, that years ago, when the government of the United States issued its first 4 per cent. bonds and financiers seemed slow to take them up, Mrs. Frank pronounced them the best security ever offered. She advised all her friends to buy these bonds—even implored some to do so—and set a good example by subscribing for $100,000 worth herself. Time has verified the soundness of her judgment respecting gold-bearing bonds. No better security was ever offered.

Mrs. Frank was a great reader of newspapers. The newspapers, she used to say, would bring one nearer to the people, and her ideas in this direction she carried out so faithfully that she read all the advertisements.

Pope Joan a Myth.

New York Tribune.

Another blow has been dealt to the popular traditions of olden times by the investigations of Professor Muntz, who, at the last meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions, in Paris, furnished incontrovertible evidence to the effect that the female Pope Joan was nothing but a myth. The legend with regard to the female Pope has been traced to the ninth century, her pontificate is stated to have lasted for two years, and the name she is asserted to have assumed was that of John VII. Professor Muntz has now shown proof that no woman has ever worn the tiara and that the romantic story of Pope Joan is nothing but a fable invented in the middle ages.

Her Generosity.

Youth's Companion.

Mary's mother one day gave her a cent to buy some candy. As the little girl went down the street she discovered a beggar boy on the front steps of a neighbor's house. She was five years old, and a cent seemed to her a good deal of money. She looked first at the boy and then at her cent. Finally, with a smile, she stepped up to the forlorn child and touching his shoulder gently, said—

"Here, little boy, take this cent, and go and buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner."

Wanted to Know.

Brooklyn Life.

Younglove — What under the heavens makes that baby howl so? Mrs. Younglove—'Ittle tootsy wootsy is tellin' its muzzer 'at it's sit; zat's all! Younglove—Oh, that's it is it? Well, why can't it tell its muzzer without informing the whole block?

John's Idea.

Brookln Eagle.

"John, dear, it's such a trial to have to think what to get for dinner! I wish you would order it to-day."

"Great Scott! Maria! Isn't it enough to eat it without having to think all day of what is coming after I get home?"

DOWN THE ROAD TO THE EMERSONS

"I'm afraid you' won't get ready for meetin', father, more'n nothin'."

Hiran Goodell was shaving around his mouth, and he could not speak. Not a muscle of his face moved, still he looked irascible. He stood before the kitchen glass, and shaved cautiously and slowly. He was always afraid of cutting himself when he shaved.

Hiram Goodell was a very cautious man. His wife stood by and held his vest ready for him to put on. Her hands twitched as she watched him wipe his razor painstakingly with a bit of paper and then hold it up to the light and squint at it to see if it were clean enough. She felt like snatching the razor and shaving him herself.

"For mercy sake, father, don't be so long-winded!" said she. She was a sandy-haired woman, tall and broad-shouldered and lean. Her blue eyes were weak, and she narrowed them and wrinkled her brows when she talked. Hiram carefully scraped around his mouth and held his lips firmly pressed together. It was quite a time before he spoke, then the words came out with the added impetus of repression. "I wish you'd lay down that vest an' go 'long 'bout your work, mother," said he, "an' not stan' there watchin' me."

"Stan' here watchin' you—I'd like to know if you'd ever get anywhere, father, if I didn't foller you up. I'd just like to know what you would do."

"The bell ain't tolled yet."

"The bell ain't tolled! That's just the way you talk, father. What if it ain't, you can't walk down there under twenty minutes, an' you know it. An' it's time for it to toll now. This clock's ten minutes fast. But there you stan' as deliberate as if you'd got a week before you."

But the bells had only just begun to toll when Hiram Goodell had left his own yard and was fairly out in the road. The long bell tones came sweet and clear through the frosty air. It was very cold for the season, and there was no snow on the ground. The road was frozen in great ridges. The rough ground hurt the old man's tender feet, and he stepped gingerly and toed in to save them. He was large and lumbering, and could not walk easily. The church was half a mile away, and the Emersons' a quarter of a mile. Before he came to the Emersons' he passed the house where the Lord sisters lived. It was a square white house with four windows in front. Two belonged to the sitting room and two to the parlor. At each of the sitting room windows a head with a black lace cap and spectacles was visible. The heads were bent down in a peering attitude so as to clear the obstructions of the sashes; the spectacles themselves seemed to squint curiously.

The old man passed close under the windows, looked up and bowed gravely and stiffly.

"Always a-peekin'!" he thought to himself with a slow masculine disapprobation of curious women. Hiram had never in his life looked out of a window to see who was passing, so far as he could remember.

Down the hill and beyond the Lords', with no house between, was the Emersons'. That was a one-story house, large on the ground, but very low. It had been painted white, but it was now gray, the roof was lurchy with loose shingles. In the wide side yard were a straggling woodpile and an old farm wagon. Hiram did not look squarely, but he took it all in. As he passed he held up his head quite high and toed out firmly, in spite of the frozen ground. He did not appear to be looking, but he saw quite plainly a figure come to one of the front windows, then start back; he saw the front door open a little way, then close with a jerk.

"They saw me comin' an' went back," he thought to himself.

When he was well past the house the door opened again and an old man and a young woman appeared. They came out of the yard and proceeded down the street, behind Hiram, who clumped along with solemn deliberation. The bell had now nearly stopped tolling, and the Emersons felt in haste. They sat well toward the front of the church, and were abashed when they went in, if it were late. But they could not quicken their pace without overtaking Hiram, and they did not want to do that.

Foster Emerson had a weakly nervous gait. He walked with alacrity, but when he swung himself forward, his knees appeared to weaken under him. It was almost like a slight lameness. His daughter Fanny walked with him. Fanny was thin, and sharp-featured, and pretty. She had a lovely color on her cheeks, that deepened as she went on in the frosty air. Her stiff black beaver coat hung straight half-way to her knees; there were shiny lines around the seams, where she had tried to remodel it. She held her hands in a small old-fashioned fitch muff, and walked soberly on beside her father. Hiram in front of them never quickened his pace at all. The bell had quite stopped ringing when they reached the church, and there were no people in the vestibule; even the sexton had gone in.

Hiram opened the door and tiptoed up the aisle; his boots squeaked. The Emersons did not enter until he was fairly seated in his pew. Then he did not appear to watch them, but he saw them quite plainly. He even noted a little red hat, and wondered how much it cost. It was so bright, he thought it must be expensive. The Emersons were now very straitened in their circumstances, and the Goodells watched them narrowly, and appraised jealously everything they had. There was a feud between the two families, a New England feud. There was no blood shed; there never would be any breaking of orthodox trammels, but the Goodells and the Emersons had hated each other stiffly and rigidly, after the true manner of their Puritan blood, for the last ten years. There had been a piece of woodland whose possession was disputed. The question had been carried to law, and Foster Emerson had won the suit, while Hiram Goodell had to pay the costs, as well as to lose his claim. He had considerable property, but he was close with it; it was an awful thing for him to pay his hard-earned dollars to the lawyers, in addition to giving up his will. Hiram Goodell was a New Englander of New Englanders. He could not carry on a Southern vendetta, but he could walk hand in hand with hatred with an iron grip. To-day he seemed as bitter toward Foster Emerson as he had been ten years ago. The one thing that could have served to ameliorate his wrath had, apparently, not yet done so; that was Emerson's ill fortune. It almost seemed as if the lawsuit had been decided unrighteously and so brought a curse with it. Poor Emerson had the disputed woodland, and bad luck had seemed to fly out of it in his face like a bird. The wood was standing ready to be cut, when it came into his possession; the week after, it had burned to the ground. In ten years time it had grown again, this winter he was to have cut it, but the summer before, it had been burned for the second time. The Emersons had dark suspicions, but they never mentioned them. Indeed, they were not well founded. Hiram Goodell was not capable of setting fire to his enemy's wood. He would never think of such a thing.

However, the night when the wood had burned he and his wife watched the red glare on the sky, and neither of them was sorry. His wife spoke with a certain stern triumph like the psalmist, "I can't help thinkin'," said she, "that it's a judgment on him." She and Hiram rather regarded all Emerson's misfortunes as judgments, and there had been a great many of them. His son, whom he had depended upon for the support of his old age, had died, his wife had been delicate, his stock had gone down with the cattle evil, his crops had failed and his house was heavily mortgaged. This year the strain to meet the interest money had been terrible. It had been whispered about town that Emerson would fail to do it, and lose his place. But it had been done, although nobody knew with what difficulty. The Goodells had speculated a great deal as to whether Emerson would pay it. One day Hiram came home with the news that he had.

"It's so," said he. "I got it from young Simmons, an' his brother's in the bank." He half sighed unconsciously. He had an undefined feeling that this time the shaft of the Lord had missed his adversary.

Thanksgiving morning, some half an hour after Hiram had gone to church, Jane Lord came over. She brought a white bowl. She wanted to borrow a little sugar; she feared they had not enough to sweeten the cranberry sauce.

"I'm ashamed to come borrowin' sugar Thanksgiving mornin'," said she, "but we didn't neither of us know how to go to the store, an' we didn't think of it's bein' quite so near out."

After the bowl was filled with sugar Jane Lord sat holding it for quite a while. She had something on her mind that she wanted to say, and she led up to it delicately.

"I see Mr. Goodell goin' to meetin'," she remarked after a little.

"Yes, he went," returned Mrs. Goodell.

"Well, there ain't many to go in this neighborhood, Thanksgivin' mornin'. You have to stay to home to get the dinner, an' Rachel an' me do. We ain't neither of us fit to get it alone. Then there's the Emersons—I dunno but Fanny an' her father go."

"I dunno whether they go or not," said Mrs. Goodell in a stately and indifferent manner. She was on her way to the oven with a spoon to baste the turkey.

Jane Lord sat holding the bowl of sugar and pursing her lips softly. She was sallow-faced, and there was a sad droop to her features. Her voice was unexpectedly quick and strident.

"Speakin' of the Emersons," said she, "I was down to Mis' Silas Grant's the other day, you know she's Mis' Emerson's cousin, an' she was tellin' me how dreadful bad off they was. They've had to rake an' scrape every cent they could lay their hands on to pay that interest money, to keep a roof over their heads, an' "—Jane lowered her voice, she leaned forward confidentially—"Mis' Grant said—I don't s'pose she thought 'twas goin' any further, but I'm goin' to tell you—that—that she didn't b'lieve they had enough to eat."

Mrs. Goodell was down on her knees before the oven, basting the turkey; the savory odor steamed out into the room.

"Well, I wouldn't tell it if I was Mis' Grant," said she, "her own cousin, an' Silas Grant's rich. Why don't she give 'em somethin' to eat?"

"Folks ain't always so fond of givin'," rejoined Jane with asperity. "An' there ain't no use in givin' to some folks. Foster Emerson's bound to lose every cent, an' always was. He ain't got no judgment."

Mrs. Goodell went back to the table with the spoon. She had resumed her indifferent air.

"I guess they've got enough to eat," she remarked; "you can't make me believe they ain't."

"Mis' Grant says they ain't an' what's more ——" Jane paused a moment, "I know they ain't!" added she impressively.

Mrs. Goodell stopped and looked at her. Jane continued with a sadly triumphant air. "I was in there myself a few days ago, an' I see a few things."

"What?"

"Oh, I kept my eyes open, an' I see. It was supper time, an' Mis' Emerson, she wouldn't set about gettin' supper 'cause she hadn't nothin' to put on the table, an' she was ashamed, an' I wanted to borrow a spoonful of ginger, an' I followed her into the buttery. She didn't want me to she kept sayin' she'd bring out the ginger, but I was bound I would, and I did. Mis' Goodell, it's the livin' truth, that there wan't enough in that buttery to feed a baby."

"I guess she had some things put away."

"No, she didn't. Mr. Emerson he called her out a minute, jest before I went home, an' I jest slipped in there again; and I peeked in two or three jars, an' the flour barrel—There wan't nothin'."

"Well, it's awful thinkin' of anybody not havin' enough to eat," said Mrs. Goodell.

She was frowning deeply as she went about her work again. Jane Lord continued to expatiate upon the sad case of the Emersons.

"An' that ain't all," said she, eyeing Mrs. Goodell sharply. "They ain't got enough to wear to keep 'em warm this cold weather, 'cordin' to my belief. You ought to see the clothes they have out on the line. Of all the patched up flannels, an' so thin you can see the light through 'em—an' the clothes they wear outside ain't hardly decent. Mr. Emerson's great coat is all threadbare, an' it's a bright green across the shoulders, an' Mis' Emerson's looks as if it came over in the ark. An' Fanny ain't no better off. Mis' Grant says she had to take every cent of her school money to pay in toward that interest. I don't believe she nor her mother either has had a new dress for three years."

Mrs. Goodell was still frowning. "Well, I dunno, I'm sure," said she.

"Well, I dunno neither; but it seems pretty hard lines to think of folks a-sufferin' right amongst us Thanksgivin'. I ain't no idea they've got a turkey nor a puddin'. Well, I dunno what folks can do. If men ain't got judgment, they ain't an' I dunno whether it's the duty of them that has to support them that hasn't or not. I know I can't afford to. Well, I must be goin', or Rachel'll think I'm makin' sugar."

After Jane Lord had gone, tripping shiveringly down the road with the sugar, John Goodell, Mrs. Goodell's son, came. He lived in a town some fifty miles away, the railroad connections were not very good and he could not reach home much before Thanksgiving noon.

The young man entered the kitchen door and a gust of fresh cold air came with him. He set his valise down on the floor and shook hands with his mother. He did not kiss her. The Goodells were not demonstrative among themselves.

"Well, mother, how goes everything?" said he.

"Pretty well," replied Mrs. Goodell, looking at him with a kind of repressed delight.

"Father gone to church?"

"Yes."

The son strongly resembled his mother, only he was better looking. A certain blonde harshness of feature that did not set well upon her was quite attractive in him. People called John Goodell a very good-looking young man. He took off his overcoat and hat and sat down in the kitchen with his mother and watched her work and chatted with her. He had not seen her for some six months.

He inquired after the neighbors in a furtive fashion, as if he were stepping on debatable ground.

"How are all the neighbors getting along, mother?" he asked. He picked up a raisin and put it into his mouth with a careless air and chewed it absorbedly, but his face began to flush.

"Well, I guess they'r gettin' along 'bout as usual," his mother replied guardedly.

"How are the Lords?"

"Pretty well, I guess. Jane was in here this mornin'."

"How are—the Emersons?"

"Well, I dunno."

The young man tried to speak in a jocular way, but his face was very red.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll find out. I think I'll go down and call on Fanny some day while I'm here."

His mother was stirring some butter into a dish of squash. She stopped short and surveyed him.

"John, you ain't goin' down there, when you know how you father an' I feel about them Emersons?"

"I ain't been down there for quite a while, because I knew how father and you felt, mother."

"Ain't you goin' to keep on?"

"I don't know."

"I don't see for my part what you see in that Fanny Emerson, little, thin, peaked-nosed thing. There's lots of girls I should pick out before I should her, if I was a young man."

John straightened back his shoulders. "That hasn't got anything to do with it, that I can see, mother," said he; "I don't see why she doesn't look as well as the other girls. But we won't talk any more about it now. It's Thanksgiving day, and I've come home to have a good time; we don't want to get to arguing over anything or anybody. Ain't the turkey most done?"

"You ain't goin' down there to see her, John?"

"I tell you, mother, I won't talk any more about it. Here's father coming."

Hiram Goodell had a sober air when he entered; even the meeting with his son could not dispel it. He had walked home from church with a neighbor and the two men had stood talking together for quite a while at Goodell's gate.

Presently, when John left the room for a minute Hiram turned to his wife. "I come up the road with Abel Bemis," said he, "an' he says the Emersons are in a pretty bad box this time an' no mistake."

"Jane Lord's been in here talkin' about it," returned Mrs. Goodell.

"What did she say?"

"She thinks they ain't got enough to eat an' keep 'em warm. I dunno, but it does seem as if a man might contrive to get along an' have enough to eat if he had any judgment at all."

"He ain't got any—Foster Emerson never had a mite of judgment. Well, I dunno. When you goin' to have dinner?"

"Jest as soon as I can get it on the table. I want you to go out to the well an' draw me a pail of water before you take your boots off."

The Goodells generally dispatched their meals quickly. They were thrifty with time as with everything else, but to-day they were a good hour at the table. There was plenty to eat; all the homely richness of a country Thanksgiving feast was spread out on the table. The turkey was very large and brown.

After dinner Mrs. Goodell cleared away the table and washed the dishes; then the family sat down together in the sitting room. Hiram had his religious paper, John a city one that he had brought with him. Mrs. Goodell sat quite idle. She never sewed on Thanksgiving day. Her conscience seemed to grow abnormal excrescences in some directions, and this was one of them. From her childhood she had held the firm belief that it was wicked to sew on Thanksgiving day. She did not talk much; the two read and she sat thinking. The sitting room was scrupulously clean; there was not a speck of dust anywhere. There was a fine gilt paper on the walls and the woodwork was very white and glossy. The fire in the air-tight stove crackled, the air was soft and warm.

About 4 o'clock John got up and left the room.

Pretty soon he passed the window.

"I wonder where John's goin'," said his mother. Hiram sat near the window and he looked out.

"He's turned up the road," said he. "I guess he's goin' up to see the Bemis boy."

"I shouldn't think he'd go off Thanksgivin' day."

The Bemis house, low and red painted, with a smoking chimney, was visible up the road across a wide stretch of field. Hiram turned again to his paper; his wife rocked, with her feet close to the stove. Presently Hiram also arose and prepared to leave the room.

"Where you goin', father?" asked Mrs. Goodell.

"I ain't goin' far."

But he didn't return speedily. Mrs. Goodell went to the window and saw a figure that looked like his plodding up the road.

"For the land sake, he ain't goin' up to the Bemises' Thanksgiving day," said she. "I should think they was all struck on the Bemises."

She looked vexed and frowning. She sat down again. Presently the fire got low and she went out for more wood. On her way she stepped into the buttery and looked around.

"There's that other chicken pie," said she, "and I could cut a plateful off that turkey, an' nobody'd know it, an' there's twenty mince pies, an' ten apple, an' eight squash—no there ain't—why, I don't see through it. I knew there was twenty mince, an' I can't count but nineteen, an' there ain't but nine apple, an' seven squash. For the land sake!"

She counted over and over again, but she could make no more of them. She could not account for three pies.

"Well, there's enough, anyhow," said she. "I could carry 'em three or four, an' a piece of my plum puddin,' an' not miss it, I s'pose. I dunno. I dunno how they'd take it."

Mrs Goodell stood deliberating. Then she put a stick of hard wood in the sitting room stove, packed a basketful of provisions, put on her thick shawl and hood and started. When she got to her own gate she stopped and looked up the road cautiously; she had put on her spectacles, but she could see nothing of her husband or son. Then she braced the basket against her hip and went down the road to the Emersons. The Lord sisters were at the window; she saw them with a quick side-flash of her eyes, but she did not look up. She went straight on at a good pace; the basket was heavy, but she was muscular. When she reached the Emersons she set the basket under a lilac bush at the corner of the house, then she kept on to the side door. She stood before it and knocked. She heard a step inside, then Mrs. Emerson opened the door. She was a stout woman, with a pretty, childish face. She flushed when she saw Mrs. Goodell, then she became quite pale.

Mrs. Goodell herself was pale, and she looked scared, but she spoke first.

"Good afternoon," said she.

"Good afternoon," returned the other woman with a kind of stiff timidity; then she added, "Won't you come in?"

Mrs. Goodell stepped in. Mrs. Emerson led the way to the kitchen.

"I'll have to take you in this way," she said feebly, "there ain't any fire in the settin' room. Fanny's in there now. Somebody came to the front door. I dunno who; I'm afraid they'll catch cold."

"I'd jest as soon go into the kitchen," returned Mrs. Goodell, with anxious affability.

The two women sat down in the large kitchen.

Mrs. Goodell noticed that there was no odor of Thanksgiving cooking in it when she entered. Mrs. Emerson did not ask her to lay aside her hood and shawl. Both women were afraid to speak, and they hardly looked at each other. Still Mrs. Goodell had a distinct purpose in view, and that gave her more self-possession.

"It's a pretty cold day, ain't it?" said she.

"Yes, it's been pretty cold," Mrs. Emerson admitted shyly.

Mrs. Goodell turned her eyes on the other's face. Mrs. Emerson's hair was quite curly over her temples; she used to wear her hair in long curls to her waist when she was a little girl. Suddenly Mrs. Goodell remembered them and how pretty she had thought her. They had been schoolmates when they were girls.

"Seems to me you look kind of pale, Nancy," said she.

Mrs. Emerson looked at her—then she put her hands up to her face.

"Oh, Lois," she sobbed, "you dunno what I've been through lately."

Mrs. Goodell sat immovable in her chair, but her eyes suddenly became red.

"Don't take on so, Nancy. Mebbe the worst of it's over," said she.

"I dunno how the worst of it's over. Foster ain't got a thing to do this winter, an' we ain't got a cent of money. Fanny's had to put in all her poor little money toward the interest. Oh, Lois, it's been dreadful."

Mrs. Goodell had out her handkerchief. "Look, here, Nancy, there's somethin' I want to say—I s'pose you've been feelin' hard 'cause I ain't been in, an' I know I've had hard feelin's myself—an' I'm willin' to let it all go now, an' go back an' forth jist as we used to, if you are."

Mrs. Emerson sobbed so that she could hardly speak. "I guess I'm willin'," she said. "Oh, Lois, you dunno how it's worried me, when we used to be so intimate. It's been a dreadful trial to me. I've told Foster, time an' time again, that the woodland weren't worth it. An' I wish Mr. Goodell had it this minute; we've jist had it to pay taxes on this ten year, an' that's all it' 'mounted to. I wish the lawyers had decided the other way 'round."

"There ain't any use talkin' about that," said Mrs. Goodell. "We'd better let that all go. There's somethin' I'm goin' to ask you, Nancy, and you mustn't be offended. How are you off for things?"

Mrs. Emerson's tears seemed to suddenly stop flowing, her pretty face grew very red. "Lois," said she with a certain dignity, "we're dreadful poor. It's much as ever we've got to eat an' wear."

"You wait a minute," said Mrs. Goodell. She hurried out of the kitchen, and presently returned with the basket. She set it down on the kitchen table, and turned toward Mrs. Emerson.

"It kinder makes me think of the times when we was little girls an' used to have some of each other's dinner, to school," said she.

Mrs. Emerson looked at her and the basket. The tears were streaming over her cheeks again. Suddenly she took a step forward and the two women had their arms around each other and were crying on each other's shoulders. After a little they drew apart with a shamefaced air. Mrs. Goodell turned toward the basket, and began taking out the articles it contained. She had them all spread out on the table, when the door opened and Foster Emerson and Hiram Goodell came in. They had been out in the barn talking. Hiram had a parcel under his arm. When he and his wife saw each other, both looked frightened, but they said nothing. She greeted Foster, and he spoke to Mrs. Emerson, as if it were an everyday call. Then he cast a comprehensive glance at the table. He recognized their basket. He begun undoing the bundle he carried.

"I thought I'd bring you over a little Thanksgiving," he said in an abashed but sturdy manner. He looked defiantly at his wife and slowly unrolled the newspaper that he had wrapped around the bundle. Then he held it up. There were three pies, one set in another. Mrs. Goodell made a spring forward.

"For the land sake, father!" she cried, "if you ain't set the apple an' the mince pies right into the squash!"

Hiram stood still and eyed the pies dubiously. "I declare I never thought about that," said he.

"It's just as much as a man knows," said his wife.

She helped Mrs. Emerson set the pies to rights. The two men stood by and watched. Foster Emerson's nervous face, gray-bearded and delicate-colored as a girl's, was radiant. His deep-set blue eyes were full of delighted excitement; now and then the muscles around them twitched. All at once he heard a murmur of voices in the sitting room and opened the door. Then he made an exclamation. The others all looked. There stood Fanny Emerson and John Goodell in the middle of the floor. John had gone to the Emersons in the same way that his father did. They had both gone up the road past the Bemis house, then turned into a lane, and struck off across lots behind their own, emerging from another lane just above the Lord house, into the high road.

Fanny and John were both blushing. When John saw his father and mother, he looked abashed for a minute, then he stepped forward boldly.

"Hullo! you here?" said he. "I've been making a little call on Fanny."

He surveyed the stable and the array of food swiftly, then he placed some chairs near the stove for himself and Fanny and they sat down. Presently the others did also; it seemed like an ordinary neighborly visit. By and by it was growing dusky and Mrs. Emerson brought out the teapot. Mrs. Goodell helped her spread the table and the two families had supper together.

It was bright moonlight when the Goodells went home. John walked on ahead whistling and his father and mother followed more slowly. Now they were alone together, both felt somewhat stiff and embarrassed. It was not until they were past the Lord house that Hiram spoke.

"I ain't told you I told him what I'd do, have I?" he queried.

"No, you ain't."

"Well, I told him I'd give him a job cuttin' wood for me all winter, if he wanted it, an'—I've 'bout made up my mind I'll buy that woodland of him. He can part pay up his mortgage if I do. The wood won't be ready to cut on it for another ten year, an' there's the taxes, but I dunno but I'd better."

Hiram's old face in the moonlight had at once a rueful and heroic expression.

"Well, mebbe you'd better," said his wife, with a sigh.

It was quite late when they reached home, but late as it was, Jane Lord came over again. She had a cup and she wanted to borrow some yeast. She did not sit down, but stood hesitating at the door after the cup was filled.

"I want to know," said she, "if I see you all goin' down the road to the Emersons' this afternoon."

Mrs. Goodell drew herself up. She looked quite frigid and stately. "Yes," she replied, "what of it?"

"Oh, nothin'." Jane Lord looked injured and crest-fallen. "I jist wondered if I did see you."

John put on his coat again, and walked home with Jane and carried the yeast. She did not allude to the Emersons again. When he returned, he paused at his own gate, and stood for a minute looking down the road. It was like a broad track of silver in the moonlight. It seemed to him as if all the Thanksgivings of his life would lie down the road to the Emersons.

—Mary E. Wilkins, in Romance.